

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Hidden Cock-fighting still Popular

THERE'S just as much cock-fighting as ever," said the old man as he showed me five young gamecocks, strutting proudly about in a small run at the back of his cottage in a hamlet in the Cumberland fells. "My lads are at the war. I'm carrying on for them. Cock-fighting is in our blood. We've been at it for five generations. We breed gamecocks, we rear them, train them and fight them. The sport will never die.

"Look at father of these young 'uns." He drew my attention to a lordly black-red cock, with glossy hackles on the neck, which he said he sold to anglers to dress their trout and salmon flies with. "That's a champion," he said. "It was never beaten. A cock that is licked has its neck wrung. No one ever breeds from a cock that runs away, and those that don't run away are either winners or so badly mauled by the steel spurs of their opponents that they do not survive the combats."

The cottager showed me the spurs with which cocks are armed before they are thrown into the pit to face each other. The spurs are of steel, about two and a half inches long, let into leather, with rings at the head of each which fit over the stump of a bird's natural spur, after the spur is cut off. They are right and left, and curve slightly in opposite directions.

"You should see the birds fly over each other, trying to get in their stab with their spurs. No cock survives a well-aimed blow. To teach them their business we fit on the stumps a pair of tiny boxing gloves that are tied with tapes to the legs. It's great fun to watch them strike one another with the gloves. They are as ferocious as wild animals. The glint in their eyes is like the fire in a ferret's eye. We get an idea in these spurs with boxing gloves of the birds' skill and endurance.

"The one that shows signs of distress is never fought. It's not enough simply to be game. You must have stamina besides. Of course, a lot depends upon feeding and training. We give our birds what we call cock-cake. My wife makes it. It's a special preparation, and the secret of it has been in our family for over a hundred years.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Says John Muller

"Cock-fighting," the old man continued, "is a risky business, especially now that the police have motor-cycles and cars. But there's one thing about us fellows that no one can deny: We do know how to keep our secrets. No traitor has ever let us down.

"You can count the number of successful raids by the police in Cumberland on the fingers of one hand. And those were occasions on which the police got wind of what was going on by pure accident. There was no informer in the case. We trust each other, and no one, however rich a gentleman he may be, gets invited unless he is known to be a right 'un.

"Usually we fight our mains in hollows in the hills in isolated districts. We walk there overnight with our gamecocks in bags so that they won't crow. We post out our scouts, and we pay them well. You can imagine they don't like missing the fun. Hundreds of pounds change hands. The stakes are seldom higher than £10. It is the betting that brings in the money."

THIS is the story of two flaxen-haired lads—one aged eight and the other seven—who fulfilled a solemn promise when their daddy went to sea.

It is a tale of youthful manliness which might have been born in the mind of Mark Twain—had it been purely fiction.

The events of which we write, however, took place, not in the ramshackle garden shed which was the secret meeting-place of Tom Sawyer and his romantic friends, but instead in the living-room of The Nook, Washers Lane, Werrington, Staffordshire.

The central figures in our yarn are the two sons—and



IT'S an old and true racing maxim, "Do not let your left hand know what the right is doing." There's another—"Do not confide in anyone, even a brother."

Men employed in the profession are purely individualists; from stable-boy days they are quick in the up-take and develop a sense which helps them to make quick decisions.

Racing is a profession, and also a game not fully learnt in a lifetime. Full of tricks—one has not to express surprise if your very best racing pal "does one on you."

Still recalled at Middleham, in Yorkshire, is the story of how Paddy Drislane, a one-time Middleham trainer, won the Chester Cup with Tam o' Shanter, ridden by Fred Bates (in 1876).

The horse had done extraordinary gallops on Middleham Moor, and the numerous touts did not forget to spread the news. So much so that Tam o' Shanter was favourite for the race and at a short price. Neither owner nor trainer had got "on" with their bets—the information and the market had beaten them.

A few days before the race, with Tam o' Shanter still a raging favourite, the trainer himself led the horse out of Binks Yard at Middleham and walked it on to Middleham Low Moor, where a small group of tipsters awaited his arrival. It was a serious matter for a cup horse to miss exercise. They realised a shock when they realised that Trainer Drislane was walking and leading the favourite.

On closer inspection they quickly jumped to the conclusion that it was "in physic." As Drislane walked the horse round in a ring to complete a sham show, he had the biggest difficulty to refrain from laughing when he shouted to the touts, "Good morning, lads. This is a bit of bad luck."

Tam o' Shanter presented an

unusual and unkempt appearance, his tail plaited and his hind quarters well plastered with thin cow droppings. The tipsters were almost too taken aback to reply to Paddy. After a few glances to further satisfy themselves, they singled off down to the local post office to send off the news, "Tam o' Shanter in physic being walked round by trainer. Can be regarded as very doubtful runner."

Such news spread as only such news can; in quick time all Britain knew.

Meanwhile, the owner and trainer watched the market and stepped in at outsiders' prices, and, to the tipsters' surprise, Tam o' Shanter was galloping as usual upon the High Moor within a few days, and later won the Chester Cup. The trainer thought that the short rest had done him good.

We are assured a nice stake and bets were duly netted—but those tipsters were most unforgetting.

And then, some years ago, a Middleham stable lad, "Scottie" Cunningham, who "did" King Charles, a Middleham runner in the Royal Hunt Cup, called upon a fishmonger at Ascot during race week and ordered 3lbs. of ice. "What-ever for?" asked the surprised fishmonger. "To crown a Royal Hunt Cup horse," retorted Scottie.

And so it came about: King Charles was crowned with 3lbs. of ice packed in a stable rubber and tied on top of his head while he paraded the ring at fashionable Ascot. Indeed, it presented rather a comical picture, quite out of place at Ascot, where there were many sniffs of disapproval. M. D. Peacock trained this fast three-year-old, which had won a mile race at Stockton by ten lengths. Un-

R. B. Fawcett gives some inside Turf Stories to-day

fortunately, King Charles was liable to break blood-vessels.

Hence that unusual bundle that adorned the top of his head at Ascot. Of course, no one fancied such a funny-looking horse for the race. Yet he nearly brought off an Ascot coup and was second to Dinna-ford—owned by Mr. Reid Walker and trained by Alec Taylor. In later days, Otto Madden always reminded Scottie "that 3lbs. of ice nearly did the trick; it certainly kept his head cool on that June day."

Palmy Days was last of four at York in a maiden race, when she was bought by a Scotsman, Col. Baird Hay, who, unfortunately, went almost blind and did not have the pleasure of seeing her win the Liverpool Spring Cup in one of the most dramatic finishes ever seen upon a racecourse. She beat Bachelor's Button, reckoned the best of his age then, by a short head. Whistling Crow was second a head away, and Likely Bird fourth, another head away, with the others too bunched up for the judge to officially place them.

Carrying six stones twelve pounds, and ridden by Tiny Heppell for M. D. Peacock's Middleham stable, her performance over a mile and a quarter was such that Peacock visualised her staying powers; and Newcastle North Plate might just suit her capabilities. It had always been argued that two and a quarter miles at Gosforth Park (Newcastle) took some getting. It is what racing blokes know as "dead galloping" all the way.

Palmy Days was to be tested over the full distance around Middleham Moor, and the arrangements were a dead secret. All the jockeys taking part knew was that they had to be at stable at

3 a.m. upon an early June morning.

Not a living soul was astir as the five trial horses quietly wended their way up the Moor, where the trial over the full distance ended by Palmy Days finishing the last six furlongs well ahead of an Ayr Gold Cup winner.

Days passed, and apparently no one knew of this well-kept secret until a tout, having supped more pints than was good for his speech, jocularly remarked in a pub to one of the lads who had ridden in the trial: "It's no use, Scottie; I, too, am in the secret. Palmy Days will win the North Plate by a furlong." Reeling from side to side, he added, "My stop-watch does not lie."

At that the matter rested, until Palmy Days did win the Plate "by a furlong."

The tout's trickery—if such it can be termed—was then boasted of. He had "wind" of a forthcoming gallop, and as he was not sure when it would take place he went to bed during the day and slept in the heather upon the highest point of Middleham High Moor, and his gamble came off. He saw all the gallop from his grandstand of heather, but was unseen from below. His stop-watch and knowledge of the other horses taking part was sufficient.

It is said he made a small fortune—backing and tipping Palmy Days; proof is that he retired almost immediately. Later he vowed he had never mentioned the subject to Scottie—the pints had been talking, but, evidently, it was all good sense.

Sundridge was one of the fastest horses of his day. His owner, Mr. Joel, knew it, and somewhat pampered the horse. Albeit Trainer Earl always turned him on to the racecourse a perfect picture. But the horse had a peculiar trick of his own.

He would parade around before the races, looking none too stylish, and maintained his own particular way as he entered the racecourse, where he always hesitated for the farewell tap of Mr. Joel's umbrella before he began his leisurely trot to the starting post. To those who watched Sundridge and this little oddity it looked as though the horse disliked racing—and maybe there was a good deal in his dislike of all the pre-race preliminaries.

Once under the starting gate he put his whole energy into the race, and this apparently leisurely animal returned with almost unrivalled speed. Sundridge was, of course, sire of many other Suns—including Sunstar (winner of a Derby). Backers looked for the owner's umbrella tap and profited thereby.

Yes, it's all part of the Sport of Kings—because where there's cash there are bound to be Tricks of the Trade.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

The Assyrians living in the country beyond Northern Iraq are said to be the only people left who speak Aramaic, the language spoken by Jesus of Nazareth. They are a Christian people, but all round them live Moslems, and on more than one occasion they have been cruelly massacred.

Towers of Silence are used by the Parsees of Persia and India for the reception of the corpses of their dead. The vultures flock there and strip the bodies of flesh, and the bones fall through a grating into a pit, whence they are afterwards removed for burial.

John and Roy Keep Promise, L/S J. Johnson

the dimpled daughter—of the submariner whose home it is. And the details on which we base our story were smilingly supplied to us by the young wife and mother, Mrs. Ethel Johnson, whom we called to see.

You will remember, Leading Stoker John William Johnson, how you entrusted your two sons, when you donned navy blue, with a task of sober manliness?

"While I'm away," you had said, with a twinkle in your eyes, "you two lads will have to look after your little sister. Promise me now—on your honour?"

Eight-year-old John, the eldest, took the lead.

His face grim as a Greek god, he had made a mysterious sign across his chest with his small right hand, and announced: "Cross my heart, and wish that I may die!"

Seven-year-old Roy had read the same story-books.

"Cross my heart, and wish that I may die," he declared solemnly.

You had laughed, Stoker Johnson, and you had forgotten.

But your wife saw the unexpected results of childish impressiveness.

One day, after you'd gone, she noticed the two boys in the corner of the living-room, discussing in low whispers some plan of action. She listened.

"What about our Mary?" one of them was saying. "We got to be nice to her—Daddy said so."

"I know," said the other. "We'll give her donkey rides like Dad used to—'til he comes back."

"But we've got to take turns. We're both in it—like them in the book."

"Cross your heart and wish to die!"

"Cross your heart..."

And as the months passed, John and Roy, members of their own secret clan, never carried their first pick-a-back without first giving the mystic sign.

When we called at your home, Stoker Johnson, and heard this story, the photographer knew at once what the best picture would be, so your wife instructed your two sons to officiate.

With grave faces, John and Roy took up their appointed positions, and little curly-haired Mary clambered precariously on to her brother's back.

We noted the absence of a mystic sign, and looked inquiringly at the mother, who asked the lads, "Haven't you forgotten something?"

The lads made no attempt to give the mystic sign. Maybe their solemn pact is not for strangers and the uninitiated.

And as we bade farewell to Mrs. Johnson, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were to be seen behind the low stone wall over the road—smashing with a great bang the discarded flashlight bulbs which the photographer had asked their mother to dispose of.



QUIZ for today

1. How many names in the Bible begin with W?
2. Why are the poles outside a barber's painted red and white?
3. On what musical instrument is it not possible to play a scale?
4. Name the smallest independent state in the world.
5. Is Aspasia a disease, a cure for headache, an ancient Greek?
6. The potato and the tomato are members of the same family. True or not?
7. Can you swim faster in salt or fresh water?
8. If you found a metronome, would you light your cigarette with it, polish your boots with it, wear it, or use it to keep time?
9. Do icebergs consist of salt or fresh water?
10. What is the difference between military law and martial law?

Answers to Quiz in No. 311

1. Amber is not made, it is found in its natural state.
2. Obverse.
3. Finland was the first country to use the swastika as its emblem.
4. Horses have no eyebrows.
5. No. When frozen, water expands and so is apt to burst pipes. The thaw merely shows where the damage has been done.
6. A bee has two pairs of wings.
7. There is no monkey-nut tree; they grow underground.
8. No one has ever found a valuable pearl in an edible oyster; if there were a pearl, you wouldn't be able to eat the oyster.
9. Discrete means distinct.
10. You'd crush it. Cinnabar is the rock from which mercury is obtained.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey, Vet! You're tellin' me he wants muzzling! That's what I brought him here for!"

JANE



To-day's Brains Trust

A PUBLIC Librarian, a Book Collector, a well-known Scientist, and the inevitable Philosopher, discuss:—

The British Museum Library is said to contain upwards of three million books, and thousands are added every year. What will be the state of such libraries in a few hundred years' time? Can anything be done to house the world's knowledge more conveniently than in a gigantic library?

Librarian: "The problem is certainly a very real one. Even if some new method of recording the contents of books were invented, it would take so long to make potted copies of all the books in the world that I think the critical stage would be reached before the job was completed."

From one point of view, the critical stage has already been reached, and I think the British Museum itself has already pointed the way out.

They transferred the whole of their newspaper and periodical department to Colindale some years ago, and I do not see why the library should not eventually be split up into separate subject-libraries in that way."

Collector: "I rather fancy that that is one of those schemes which look good on paper, but don't work out well in practice. Suppose, for instance, I am studying psychology, or history, or certain branches of medicine."

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 266

1. BUCHANAN.
2. Admiralty.
3. WHEAT, CHEAT, CHEAP, CREEP, CREEK, CROAK, CROCK, CROOK, BROOK, BROOD, BLOOD, FLOOD, FLOOR, FLOUR.
4. Fill in the blanks in P * * * E * * * S to make a word which has two opposite meanings.

4. Live, Evil, Vile, Rive, Rope, Pore, Pier, Ripe, Poor, Loop, Pool, Pile, Lore, Role, Lope, Pole, Vole, Love, Rove, Over, Rile, etc.

Liver, Prove, Viper, Lover, Viler, etc.

"I might need to consult books on geography, anthropology, mythology, Government reports, sociology, and so on. But if each of these subjects were only to be consulted in separate towns, my work might well become impossible for me."

"Think of the expense and time wasted! I am a collector of rare editions, and as a collector I quite well appreciate the value of libraries specialising in periods, bindings, and so forth. The idea is excellent for libraries which are intended only to be admired, but bad for those which are intended to be used for serious study."

Scientist: "I think the present war has helped to prove the value of an old invention intended to solve the problem. I refer to the 'Airgraph' service, in which letters are photographed on to small negatives which are afterwards enlarged."

"Microscopic negatives could be made of all the printed matter in the world, and housed in a very small building. Each volume would be recorded on a single roll of film, a page for each 'picture,' and then enlarged for reading."

"It has been found that about 36 ordinary monthly magazines can be recorded in this way on 100 feet of film, and stored in a paper drum four inches in diameter and two inches thick."

Philosopher: "But think of the inconvenience of waiting

while the photographic enlargements were made!"

Scientists: "Photographic enlargements would not need to be made, for the film would be viewed through an optical instrument like a camera obscura."

"That instrument has also been invented, and is known as an 'Anscograph reader.'"

"It throws an enlarged image of the film on to an opaque screen, and has an advantage over the printed page in that the print may be made large or small to suit the reader."

Philosopher: "My own view is that the world's libraries ought to be drastically weeded out."

"Possibly 70 per cent. of the books in them are really worthless or out-of-date, and 25 per cent. of them are probably pure rubbish. Why keep them? They are kept for the mere sake of hoarding."

"Some people have a horror of destroying documents, and they seem to have got control of the libraries."

"I favour a healthy spring-clean and the destruction of all books as fast as they fall out-of-date. Summaries of their mistaken views might be made for the benefit of historians, and a few copies of exceptional interest preserved. Otherwise, I am strongly against the mere hoarding of printed paper."

Collector and Librarian: "Shame!"

WANGLING WORDS—267

1. Put a mountain range in INNOCENT and make it glow.
2. Rearrange the letters of SEEN TO HELP and make a method of communication.
3. Altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration, change: WATER into WELLS, LAST into WEEK, DAWN into DUSK, WORK into TIME.
4. Fill in the blanks in P * * * E * * * S to make a word which has two opposite meanings.

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Liver, Prove, Viper, Lover, Viler, etc.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

The Post Impressionists, in art, are those who regard drawing as secondary to beauty of paint, and leave the artist to scatter his colours as may best convey his impression. The aim of the Cubists and Futurists is more advanced. They endeavour to realise, by a series of chaotically placed colours, the pictorial ideas in the artist's mind. Though these art movements are suspect among the orthodox, they do at least show a healthy attempt to get away from convention and to experiment with new modes of expression.

The famous Portland Vase, discovered in the 16th century near Rome in a marble sarcophagus, was loaned by the Portland family to the British Museum in 1810, but while on exhibition in 1845 it was smashed to pieces with a stone by a man named Lloyd. It was cleverly restored.

By spinning a sac of silk on a water-plant, which it uses as a diving bell, the water-spider can remain beneath the surface for a considerable time. From the silk thread it obtains bubbles of air, which it uses one at a time.

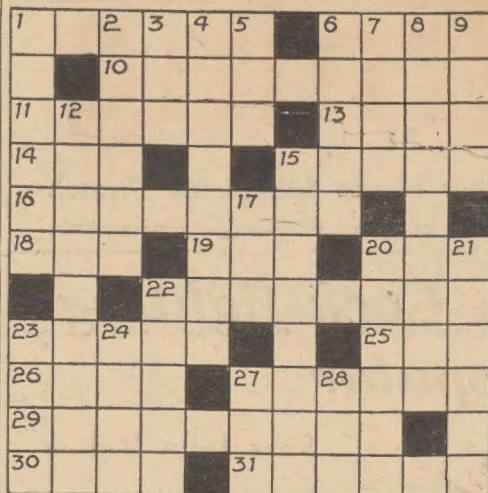
Little in the news these days is the Polar Medal, awarded for service in Polar regions. It was first granted to the officers and crew of the "Discovery."

The first official census in Great Britain was taken in 1801, and subsequently every ten years. Census was the title given in ancient Rome to a register of citizens, with full particulars as to their families, children, slaves, and so forth. Now it means merely the enumeration of population.

No form of slavery has existed in the British Empire since 1833, but far more than 200 years before that the negro slavery system in the British Colonies and certain parts of America was more cruel and inhumane than ever the world had known. There was slavery in the United States up to 1865. Columbus was a dealer in slaves.

Towards the end of the 18th century there flourished a body of Irishmen known as the United Irishmen, whose aim it was to establish a republic. They were in league with French sympathisers, and had six war frigates ready for action. The movement was effectually crushed after the capture of their leader, Wolfe Tone, in October, 1798. Tone committed suicide in prison.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Flat bones.
 - 6 Quarrel.
 - 10 Ashy-leaved plant.
 - 11 Toll along.
 - 13 Part of the day.
 - 14 Border.
 - 15 Punishes.
 - 16 Worker.
 - 18 Luminary.
 - 19 Pantechnicon.
 - 20 Energy.
 - 22 Convince.
 - 23 Apprehensive.
 - 25 Lease.
 - 26 Hall.
 - 27 Termination.
 - 29 Sundries.
 - 30 Poetic reward.
 - 31 Be contingent.
- Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

BUCK STEADY
INANE EXTRA
LINO RECUP
LOATHE IMPS
END OAKS E
T APPLIED C
C REIN EVA
PAGE ZEBRAS
ABRADE LINK
SLICE LEVEE
TETHER WEST

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Anti-climax.
- 2 Keen perception.
- 3 Performed.
- 4 Etched.
- 5 Notice.
- 6 Devon river.
- 7 Metal.
- 8 Spaces round hearth.
- 9 Winnows.
- 12 Disown.
- 15 Combine efforts.
- 17 Preservative.
- 20 Port-manteau.
- 21 Way.
- 22 Heaped.
- 23 The things.
- 24 Rodents.
- 27 Nourished.
- 28 Pile.

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



THE FISH PORT-U-GAL!

And not a bad-looking Portugal at that. She has come from the harbour, with her home-made basket, to buy the fish that have just come in with the fishing boats. As for the big fish themselves—don't they look as if they were giving themselves up? Or else talking about it? If only a fish could speak!

THINK THESE OVER TO-DAY

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Tennyson.

The sun, reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores, is unpolluted in his beam.
Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667).

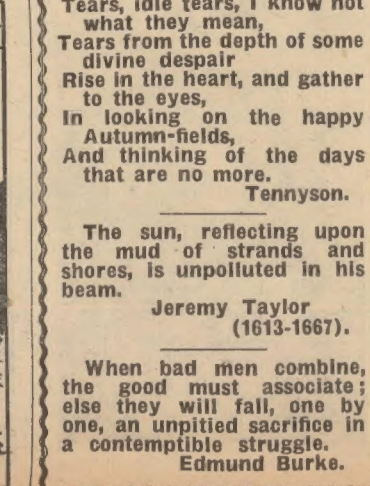
When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.
Edmund Burke.

O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.
Sir Jacob Astley, Prayer before the Battle of Edgehill.

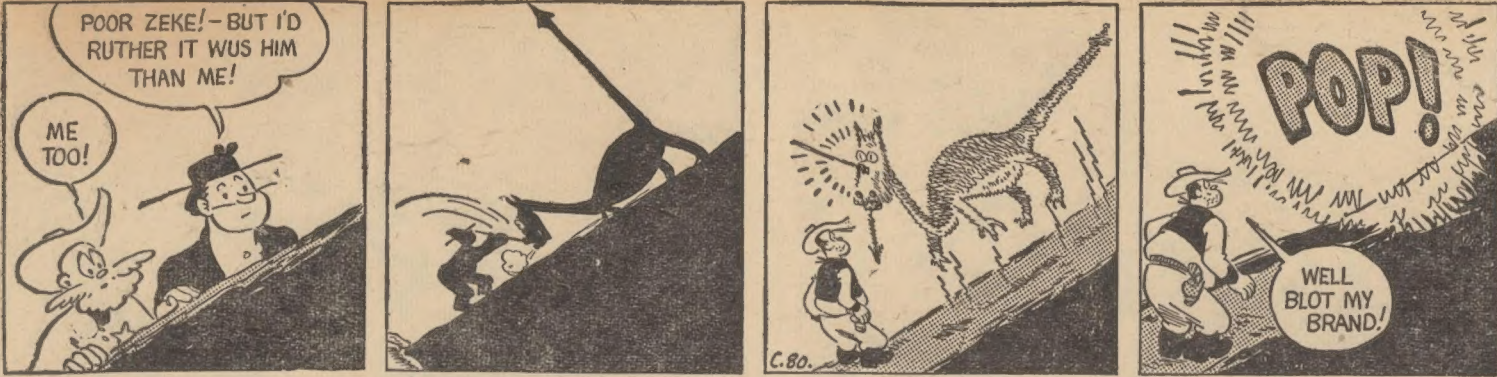
But there remains the question: what righteousness really is. The method and secret and sweet reasonableness of Jesus.
Matthew Arnold.

For oh! Eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise.
Addison.

Through such souls alone God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by.
And I rise.
Robert Browning.



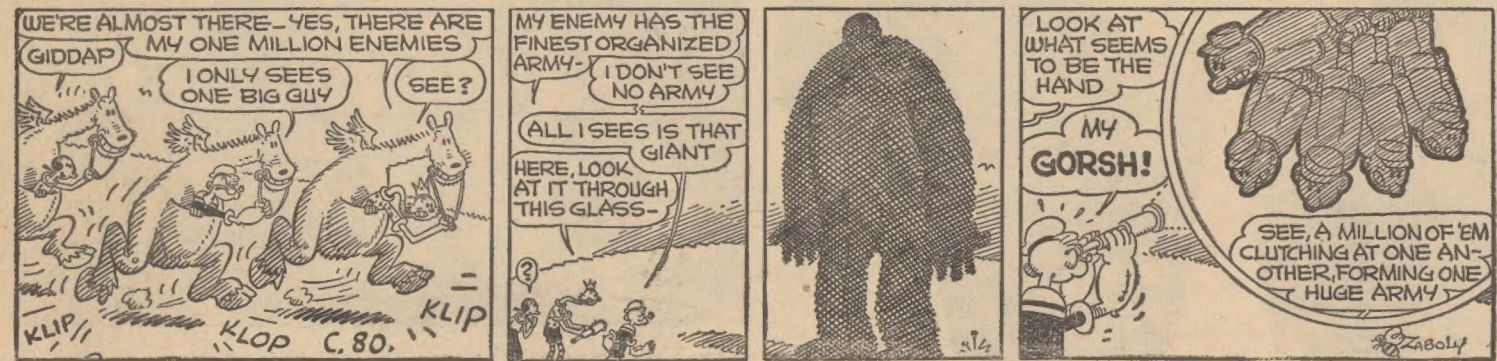
BEELZEBUB JONES



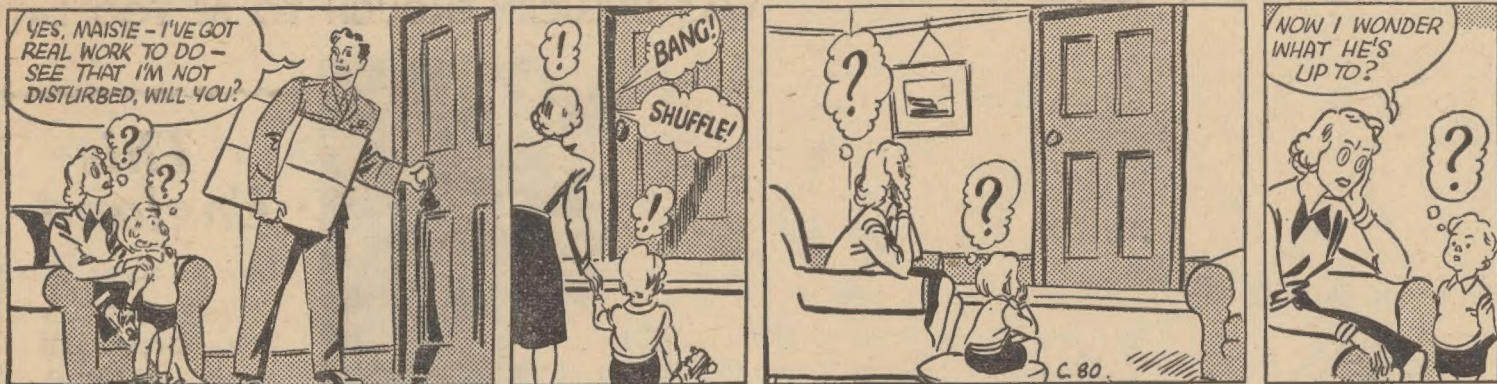
BELINDA



POPEYE



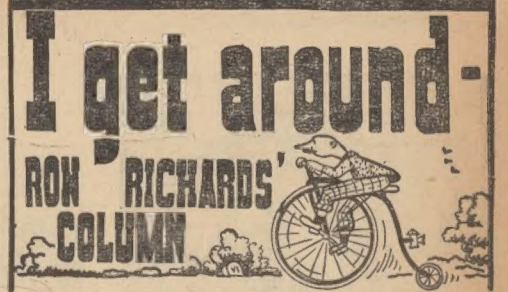
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I THOROUGHLY enjoyed a Sunday afternoon's service at Fareham Congregational Church, a programme of negro spirituals sung in the inimitable style of the U.S.A. Negro Glee Club, conducted by the Rev. W. E. McClellan, Chaplain of the Quarter-masters' Battalion, of which the men were members. The church was crowded, and the exquisite blending of the voices and the intensity with which these simple melodies were interpreted was greatly appreciated. In addition to the concerted numbers were items by two quartets, unaccompanied, excepting two songs in which a guitar was used by the soloist. It is worthy of note that in a town frequently visited by coloured seamen there is no colour bar.

THE stupidest remark I have heard for a long while was by Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., when she expressed the view in a Brains Trust broadcast that a good hostess would not put a chorus girl next to a woman professor. A noted London hostess and former chorus girl repudiated the suggestion. Mrs. Lionel Neame—Daisy Hancox during her stage career, and former star in Mr. C. B. Cochran's shows—called in to say:— "The chorus girl of to-day is a most intelligent type. She has to be well educated, and she meets on her own level well-known and brilliant people to whom, I am sure, Dr. Edith Summerskill would be delighted to be introduced."



Brains-Truster



Ex-chorine

"I resent this reflection on the chorus girl. I matriculated, and chose to go into the chorus rather than to Oxford. In the chorus I found charming and intelligent friends. "We read intelligent books and discussed them in the chorus girls' dressing-room. I don't like my old friends being insulted in this appalling generalisation." A sign of the times in more ways than one.

CROWNING last year's success, Mr. J. B. Johnson, of the Worthing Division of the Sussex Beekeepers' Association, reports that the total amount of honey that Sussex has provided for submarines is 1,532lbs. Sussex is divided into divisions for this scheme, and here again Worthing is top with 376lbs., Horsham coming second with 320lbs., Chichester third with 273lbs. The Honey Scheme for Submarines is spreading all over the country. Reigate has collected 390lbs., Hereford 224lbs., Essex 224lbs., Twickenham 104lbs., Aboyn 80lbs., Weybridge 38lbs., and has even spread to the smallest county in Scotland. The President of Clackmannanshire's Beekeepers' Association wrote to headquarters saying that on seeing a reference to this work in the paper his county had collected 32lbs.

ALSO post-war planning is the National Allotments Society. Among their development suggestions is the provision of young people's allotments at half the normal size, with cheap-rate travel facilities for those whose plots are at a distance from their homes. The society stresses that the provision of allotments for all citizens who need them should be regarded as a public duty and a social service in the same way as the provision of parks, open spaces and recreation grounds. Other suggestions are:— Particular attention to the layout of all future allotments and adequate approach roads, paths and water supplies provided for all plots, and provision of attractive pavilions for communal use.

Ron Richards

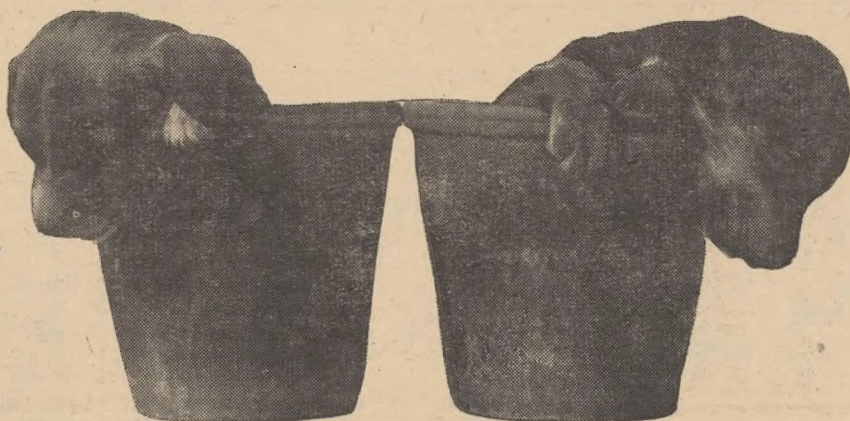
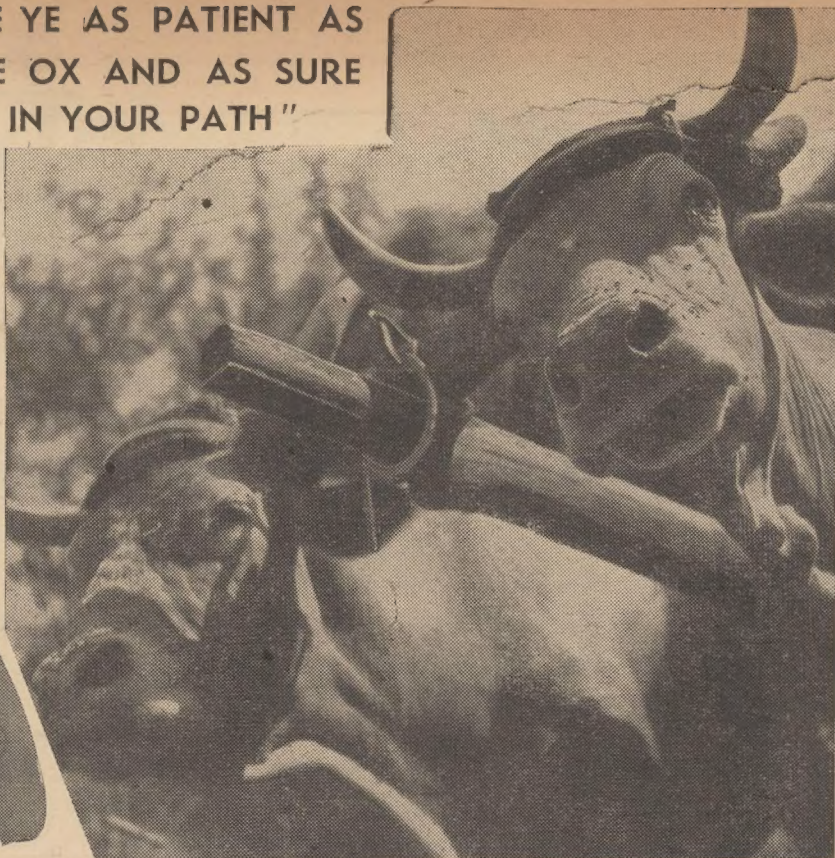
Good Morning

"BE YE AS PATIENT AS THE OX AND AS SURE IN YOUR PATH"



One of the bright stars of "Panama Hattie" at the Piccadilly Theatre. Frances Marsden seems to have earned her stripes O.K.

★ ★ ★



"POTTED DOG" TWICE PLEASE



EVEN THOUGH HE HAD THE HORSE-SHOE, HE WAS UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO BE TOO LATE



This England

How about a "quick one" at The Greyhound? Main street of the village of Stockbridge, Hampshire.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Luck, locked out."

